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foot of which is a pretty cottage, preferred as a residence for many years by Lord Bantry to the stately mansion at Bantry. The summit of this hill, which is in fact within a private demesne, may be attained if the tourist will make up his mind for a fatiguing walk; but the result will amply reward him."

Not long since there existed at Glengariff only a single hotel, and even that was an indifferent one. But now that her most gracious Majesty's visit has made an Irish tour the fashion, visitors will find in the very centre of the fairy solitudes of this "rugged glen" (for such is the literal translation of "Glengariff"), not an ill-furnished and uninviting wayside *posada*, but a splendid caravan-sary on the most comprehensive and elaborate metropolitan scale, charges excepted; for in this respect, Mr. Roche, the landlord, is fortunately not ambitious of rivalling the Babylonian Bonifaces; and the same may with truth be said of his diligent and well-catering neighbour, the proprietor of Eccles' most admirable hotel. By boat Glengariff is seen to the fullest advantage. Having taken a general view of the delightful amphitheatre surrounding Roche's Hotel, we proceed to Cromwell's Bridge, passing Garnish and Brandy Islands, and enter the limpid waters of the Glengariff river.

SELF-DENIAL; OR, PASSAGES OF A LIFE.

BY A WAYFARER.

I.

ALWAYS thought our village the prettiest spot on earth. There was the house of the rector, buried in foliage and surrounded by grounds kept with scrupulous care, and yet half-wild with their growths of trees, with the tiny stream that flowed behind the kitchen-garden, and the little pond, where we as children used to float our boats and fish. It was an ancient house, too, with memories of the past clinging to it with as much tenacity as the ivy that clothed its aged walls. It had been the scene of tragedies, that were darkly whispered still, but which had occurred when the Parliamentarians and Royalists held our village in turns.

It was scarcely dawn of day, when a window of the rectory was cautiously raised and a head protruded. It was the head of a youth about nineteen, not unintelligent, I believe, but much sunburnt, as if its owner were fond of rambling in the fields in sunny places, and utterly careless of his complexion. This youth looked around observantly, and then cast a bundle on the greensward. Next came a double-knotted sheet, which served as a rope-ladder, and the youth was down.

I had fled from my father's house, and was alone in the world, with nothing but a few clothes and little more than a shilling in my pocket.

We had had a conversation the night before about my future destiny. My father had wished one thing, I another. He had insisted; I had resisted, and raised my voice in passion. With a sternness which was his characteristic, and that made me quail at the moment, he had ordered me to bed. I had obeyed, as far as going to my room constituted obedience; but I had not even undressed. I heard him come to my door and listen about an hour later, and I thought I even heard a sob; but however this may be, I steeled my heart against every soft emotion, and buried my head in my hands.

At dawn of day I fled.

I had received a careful, even a polished education; and my father had given me the choice of the church, physic, or the law. I chose the army, to which my father had a most unconquerable aversion. I had an equal dislike to those professions offered to me; and thus it was we quarrelled. He painted the profession of arms in such odious colours that my anger got the better of my reason.

"At all events, it is better than the drudgery of physic and law, or the trade of religion!" I said, in a voice that raised the echoes of the house.

There was a look on my father's face that made me feel sorry for my coarse language; but I had no time to manifest my grief; for, with words stern and cold, he ordered me to bed.

But of what is past let me speak no more. I have made my choice. I have resolved to do battle with the world, and I have

commenced the strife, for I am on the highway to London, and alone. I had made up my mind to walk. It is true I could have travelled outside the coach easily, on the strength of my father's name; but I did not think this honest. I was wilful and obstinate; but I was proud in the right way also. I had selected my path; it was my business to find the means of subsistence for the future.

I walked slowly down a lane that led behind the house where I had been born, and where dwelt my parents, my sister, and a younger brother. I turned to gaze upon one window round which the honeysuckle crept; and as my eyes fell upon it, they were moistened;—for there, ignorant of all that was passing, slept my mother. Then an impulse came over me to turn back, and yield. But I pictured a cold smile on my father's face, and I turned firmly away and walked rapidly down the green lane—scene of many of my happiest hours of study and innocence.

I had avoided the village, because I feared the questions which might be put to me. Somebody would be surely up, and I should, I thought, betray myself. I lost nothing, I knew, by taking this cross lane. It only took me to another part of the great road that led to London. Like all outcasts, I rushed at once towards the great modern Babylon, which attracts and lures, with unexampled success, so many from the green fields and quiet nooks of England.

It was about an hour after sunrise when I halted, and sat down by the road-side. I had with me a good hunch of bread and cheese, and I was near a little brook that rattled clear and soft over the well-worn stones. I was rather faint, and tried to eat. I confess that I burst out crying. It was very weak; but I verily do believe that the thought of the neat breakfast-parlour, the warm coffee, the hissing urn, the fresh eggs, and delicious bread which usually formed our morning repast, had an influence over me which I was ashamed to acknowledge to myself.

If we honestly review our characters and inclinations, we shall often find that trifles have an influence over our acts and proceedings which, in general, we are too proud to acknowledge; for myself, could I have crept back unseen to my room at that moment, I think I should have done so; have breakfasted, begged my father's pardon, and become saw-bones, lawyer, or clergyman, just as he had decided. But I feared ridicule above all; and at that moment an occurrence took place which somewhat diverted my thoughts.

I was eating my hard crust and drinking water out of a broken glass, when I heard footsteps, and, raising my head, saw approaching me a youth about my own age—short, red-haired, merry-looking, a stick in his hand, a bundle on his back—to all appearance, by his clothes, a mechanic or tramp for work.

"Good morning," said he cavalierly. I suppose, having seen my slender provender, he allowed himself the more liberty of speech.

"Good morning," I replied, rather surlily.

"Going my way?" he continued with perfect good humour, at the same time sitting down on the opposite side of the little brook, which escaped across the road under a neat little wooden bridge.

"I am going to London," I said again surlily.

"Are you?" he resumed. "Then you've got a very bad taste in shoes. Those light things will never take you to London, and that suit of clothes will be spoilt with dust. What trade are you, mate?"

"I have no trade," I said fiercely. "I am going to London because it pleases me to go; and I have my own reasons for being dressed as I am."

With these words I rose, and snatching up my bundle, hurried away without once looking behind. I soon, however, heard my questioner, after indulging in a hearty laugh, come whistling up behind me. I, however, paid no attention to him, but trudged on wrapped in my own thoughts, which were not of the most agreeable-kind.

I felt an oppression and sinking at the heart which was of the most painful character. I could have sobbed and cried as I went, but kept down my rising emotions, because I was on a high-road, with people constantly passing, and also because every hour or so I came to a village, once to a town. I did not stop in any of them; the more because my persevering friend of the morning kept close behind me, never speaking, not even coming near me, but whistling

in a happy and merry way that was peculiarly annoying. About one o'clock he hailed me.

"Aren't you going to eat?" he said in his rough way. "This is the last house for ten miles to come."

I made no reply, but raising my head, saw before me a house of refreshment for the poorer class of travellers. I went in, for I was really hungry, and I dined with an appetite which I had rarely known before, not having often walked so many miles without halting. When I had paid for my dinner, I was penniless. I could not conceal the look of blank surprise which suffused my face when I made this discovery; I felt it, and I hurriedly rose and left the house.

"You won't do to travel," said my tormentor following me, and this time coming close up to my side; "if you spend many one-and-sevenpences for meat and bread and ale, you'll soon come to your last shilling."

"I have spent my last penny," replied I, turning round and facing him with a dogged manner that reminded me of my school-days; "but what is that to you? I ask you for nothing: leave me then in peace."

"Young gentleman," he said gently, touching his cap at the same time, "I see you aren't used to the road, and I only want to be civil. How are you going to travel six days without money?"

"I really do not know," I said, seating myself on a green bank, and yielding to the painful reflections evoked by this simple question.

"I expect you don't. You are green, I can see. But look at me—I'm only a boy; I've travelled three years. I work my way—you can't. Now you haven't started for pleasure, else you'd have money; you can't get your living, I can see; so you've run away from home. Never mind, Jack Prentice doesn't care; and if you want to go to London, why he's the lad to tell you how."

"Mr. Prentice," said I, without any of the pride and haughtiness I had hitherto assumed, "you are quite a stranger to me; but your manner seems kind. I shall be very happy to follow your advice."

"Do you value that watch and chain much?" he asked quickly.

"They are a present from my mother," I faltered.

"Then of course you do value them—very good. Well then, young gentleman, I won't advise you to sell them. But take my advice—borrow some money, and leave them as security. You can go to London comfortably, and get your watch again when you like."

I stared at him. I had not taken lessons in the ups and downs, and miseries of life, and I, as yet, knew nothing of the system he alluded to. My ignorance and surprise could have been seen in my face. But he left me no time for reflection.

"Well! worse and worse—you never heard of *that* before? I thought everybody had. I've been for father and pledged his trousers, when he used to drink in bed—he don't drink in bed now, so somehow he's lost the habit of pawning. But it's useful, too, sometimes. It's useful to you now. So the first town we come to, that's L—, we'll do it."

He rose, and led the way, and I no longer hesitated to accompany him. I was brought, for the first time, into rude contact with the world. I began to see its asperities and difficulties, and I was thankful for a guide, however humble. I found him a droll, humorous, experienced lad. He was a tailor, and had with him all the needful materials for mending. He had his regular beat, and at the present season was on his way to London, where he even thought of settling.

His father had a large family, which he had originally brought up exceedingly well; but having taken to drinking, they had all got dispersed. One or two had done badly, and one or two (witness Jack) appeared getting on in the world. Jack had recently been down to visit his father, and found things much changed. Old Prentice had become a sober man, and was so comfortable in his home, that his son Jack was quite delighted. He told me some odd stories of his life which amused me very much, and made the journey seem not half so wearisome.

We soon reached L—, where, by some process which at the time I was at a loss to understand, I became possessed of £3, leaving my watch as security for the loan. I can't say I felt much

confidence in ever seeing it again. But I was utterly helpless without the money, and made the sacrifice. It was a painful one, but the alternative was also bad. I took off the guard, which was of braided hair, and placed it next my heart.

I thought, as I went along, of the many thousands who, like myself, had started from the quiet of the country in search of fortune. I almost shuddered as I remembered poor Oliver Goldsmith. I had no pretension to his talents, and I recollected his battle of life. There were many others whose names floated across my brain, and I felt sad. I had not the slightest conception of what I could do. I had a vague idea of trying to write for the press. I had read too much not to know how difficult it is for a mere tyro to succeed when so many men of experience and of talent are out of employment at times. Still, I intended to try.

Jack Prentice often asked me what I meant to do when I should have reached London. I did not think proper to reveal to him my hopes and flights of fancy. I said I did not know. The young workman smiled and shook his head. He had decidedly a very bad opinion of my prospects, to say nothing of my common sense. Still he stuck to me, gave me advice, and was both useful and agreeable to me on the road.

When we reached Kew we parted. He had business there for a day or two. He gave me his address in London, and I promised to see him soon. We shook hands heartily, and I went on my way. The road has become familiar to me since, but then it was all new. I was much struck by the noise, by the traffic, by the houses that increased as I went, that became continuous streets, a town, a wilderness, until, stunned, overwhelmed, and almost fainting, I reached Hyde-park Corner. Quite overcome by the novelty of all around me, I flew towards some green I saw to my left, and lay down upon the grass.

Nobody noticed me. That was what struck me with most force at first. Had I entered a hamlet, village, or small town, and fallen fainting on the green, I should have had many hands held out to raise me up. I thought the Londoners selfish, hard-hearted, and brutish. I made a mistake. The men of the great city are no worse than others. But the rapid and complex life of large towns is such that men must attend to their own business; while imposture is so rife, and wretchedness so common, that a tall lad in shabby genteel clothes, covered with dust and carrying a bundle, could not hope to arrest the notice of foot-passengers or riders.

After a few minutes, I rose and penetrated timidly into the great street which led deep into the heart of the city. I no longer walked—I strolled and gaped. The crowd, the palaces, the noise, the movement, overwhelmed me. I believe no intelligence, however great, has failed to feel crushed for a moment at the first contact with a great city.

But I was exhausted and hungry, and I did not know where to go. Suddenly an idea, luminous and rapid as a lightning flash, came across my aching brain. My friend, Charles Ogilvy, was in London, reading for the bar. We corresponded occasionally—indeed, very seldom—but we did write a long letter at times; and the last time he dated his letter from a street leading out of the Strand.

I saw a policeman, and asked him the way to the Strand. I was in it. I had walked right to it without knowing it. I slowly continued on my way, looking at all the names I saw written up. Suddenly my eye lighted upon the right one, and, at the same moment, I recollected the number. It was 13; — street.

I felt a load of care, sorrow, and misery taken off my shoulders as I knocked, very gently, at the door.

"What may you please to want?" said a shrill Irish voice from the area.

"Is Mr. Charles Ogilvy at home?" I asked, in rather a timid, nervous tone.

The girl bobbed down and disappeared with a startled cry, it appeared to me, quite astonished at any one asking for Mr. Ogilvy; and then I heard a movement in the passage, and the door was opened by a very pretty, but somewhat slovenly, young person, who begged me to walk in, not without a smile at my appearance. I repeated my question, and was told in a very sweet voice to go to the top of the house, and knock at the door which faced the stairs.